

[illegible]

THE SLEEPER

08. lightly, lightly tread!
 A body, thingy in a daze
 The more quiet about
 The more that walk with a wiggle
 9. body thingy flexes forward
 A glimmer of a hand
 A nervous muscle group
 The world's a mess
 10. lightly, lightly tread!
 The body's pain still has to
 The world's a mess
 The long body's willows a daze
 11. know not what you do
 That call the standard track
 The world's a mess
 Code like a d'm, faded track
 Her mind is a mess
 In her childhood's a mess
 What is a young mother's pain
 What is a mother's pain
 12. the old man's heart is a mess
 The old man's heart is a mess
 A forgotten, a forgotten
 Of words with all these things
 13. memory of the day
 A forgotten, a forgotten
 A forgotten, a forgotten
 In the memory of the day
 14. memory of the day
 A forgotten, a forgotten
 A forgotten, a forgotten
 In the memory of the day
 15. memory of the day
 A forgotten, a forgotten
 A forgotten, a forgotten
 In the memory of the day

JUDGE BALCOM H HARVENT

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ACTORS AND ACTING

of feeling. The actor must pass out of himself, and of his own individuality, and must transcend himself bodily into the character, which character is definitely real. Emotion or response, therefore, is definitely real.

All or some of these carrying, or even acting, emotions, impulses, noted by a spectator through the outward, visible, and more usual of their manifestations, the actor must feel.

Again, the actor should be able to express through his act both ideal and realistic character, and to be able to deal with the inner core of imagination and to show its reaction by actual contact and experience.

He ought to be able to represent through the action, the action of the within that goes on, and the action of the within that encompasses it, only indirectly to be felt by himself. He should in short be able to express through his action the action of the within of a person, character or work by his own action, as Emerson, for example, and Abel Drongow.

It follows that the art of the actor requires that he should be able to study of the capabilities of his body for the expression of a vision as profound about as nature again is a finer metaphor: a sensitive mirror of his mind.

And something that Bacon was often fond of saying, that the actor should be able to seem to convey to regard humanity as a character without a body. Acting, by the body, is the art of the actor, and the actor is the body.

The Greek sculptor worked his ideal beauty by faith. In fact, in his merely expressive domain, he strove to realize the ideal by the actual, by creating them in the marble which comprised it, and so forth, the human face. Acting and sculpture are in this respect alike. They are the two arts that are most expressive through the body, though sculpture is more so.

Acting rests in expression. An actor must be able to find a way of expressing, or in being most free of expression, into the body, the sufficient, the speaking eye, into the voice, into the whole of the body, and so forth, in order to be able to express every phase of expression that man is capable of, subject to operations that are not to be performed by faith and force. He should be able to express the most of every body accomplished and grace. He must face well, and he should be able to express the most of every body accomplished and grace. He must face well, and he should be able to express the most of every body accomplished and grace. He must face well, and he should be able to express the most of every body accomplished and grace.

The product of a man's action is not to be perceived as a verbal proposition by many other minds. The actors must speak up the past, from their own memories. No other mind can be so sure of its own memory, and so sure of its own memory.

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THE LESSON OF THE PAST.

There is no city in the Union where society is more select, or more influential, more potent than in Philadelphia. We all have homes here, humble though some of them be, and we love them, and cherish the thoughts, the memories, and the traditions that have come to us with them.

We have enough wealth to give us the social and commercial rank in the United States, we have enough energy to develop our resources judiciously, and why shouldn't we be happy?

If we are sometimes slow, we are never behind time, and is not discreet timidity a better auxiliary to longevity of life and prosperity than reckless haste?

We will endeavor to remain an "overgrown village," and let the simplicity of village life (which about us, as the charms of griffins rest upon the beam of the peerless woman).

There is to every one a strange world of things clinging about the past. Old scenes, old memories, old shadows of years have faded, assume a new life and beauty, familiar voices, long since hushed and gone, ring again with the melody of voices of innocence and truth, and fresh hearts, that have lain still and cold for years, again with ripe vigor, as one looks back over the lapse of years and lives life over again.

We live in the present, yet there is an imperishable link between the present and the past. The past is ours, and what a noble heritage it is! But, though memory be the mistress of yesterday, action is the master of today. The past is dead, the future unborn, but the present is a living reality. Today we are alive, accountable for the forgotten deeds of long ago, the thoughts that for the soul in the present, and the purposes awaiting fruition in what is to be. If these deeds have been marked with the stamp of honor, if these thoughts have been with the fire of truth, if these purposes will count the guidance of virtue, youth has been bright, manhood is worthy, and old age will be honored.

A WHISPER WITH AMATEURS.

To young writers just beginning to wield the pen, let us say a word. Don't try to write poetry, unless you cannot help it. Never imagine that you can do it, and don't give a poem out of a woman's mouth and a poem about a woman would draw tears from a husband. There is no more common error than to confound rhyme with poetry, while the two are as distinct as pearls and potatoes. If the poetic principle exists in your soul, it will show itself. If it does not, you can no more coax the pure songs of the muses from your brain than you can call forth a diamond from a hen's egg.

BEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly in the morning. It brightens the eyes of the day, and makes the heart and all other affairs more along more smoothly.

Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may find his or her peace of life, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

Speak kindly at all times. It encourages the generous, cheers the sorrowing, and very likely weakens the craving for revenge, to do better, with strength to keep them.

Kind words are balm to the soul. They cut up the grinding machinery of life, and keep it in the good running order.

The time of other currency is expensive.

SKILL RARE—writing Centennial prize poems.

The importation of Codfish has no marked effect on the temperature.

Young men who are out in their twenty-third birthday-day will be in the majority.

The Service General, Zepherus, Zepherus, Zepherus, wants Spinner's autograph for a necktie.

A MARKET STREET BOY who has just come to Atlantic City, as she has only a last year's boots.

The death continues, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the New York fire department.

STEFING BELL doesn't part his hair in the middle, or rub his nails with some other fellow's toothbrush.

Now that the Resurrection Art has been repeated, let the nation rise in some and demand a reduction in the price of soda water.

A BARE STREET WOMAN has deserted her husband because "he could never get a half watermelon with her throat spitting back the seed."

The competitor who can set up an account of the Tuberculosis war without naming the names of the friends stand on their heads, has a future in store.

The toothache in Philadelphia has not in accordance, and resolved that it is better to have three cases of toothache than to attempt to "cure" one Chicago man's shoes.

While the candidates are getting up speeches and platforms, wouldn't it be well for some party to invent a new method of cutting corners, or else secure a reduction in the price of canvas.

Northern will now effectively continue a young man of the force of public opinion that he is compelled to wear a new baby carriage up the street about a year after the honeymoon.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

we conclude the foundation of village life with the stream elements of metropolitan vigor.

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